FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

Volume XXVI, Number 3, June 1975

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER
Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

CONGRATULATIONS

ELSEWHERE in this issue, due attention is paid the Fellowship's twenty-fifth anniversary, which falls on June 5. Let me contribute my personal note of congratulations. . . .

Although the Fellowship has its share of contrary beings, impatient poetesses, arbitrary article-writers, and sorrowing subscribers who have neglected to send us their new addresses, I am struck by the extent to which this quarter-century has been the creation of many individual spirits joining together in a sincere search for contact with God by means of prayer.

I marvel at the many levels on which this search has been conducted—from the jingly and simplistic to the most abstruse and poetic. I marvel at and appreciate the ability of members to read and understand and value all searches on any level.

Of course, this was precisely what Mr. Evans had in mind and at heart when he founded the Fellowship.

I believe it has turned out to be what he must have hoped it might be.

If, as he wished, general understanding of the myriad faiths of the world has widened and deepened, the diversity of individual searches has grown just as remarkably: the most casual leafing through the pages of this or any relatively recent issue displays a fascinating conglomeration of unique persons, many of them possessed of abilities to express themselves as extraordinary as their thoughts and feelings, their wisdom and experience and strength.

I believe we have managed to be a real fellowship.

We have managed because of our commitments to God, ourselves, and each other.

The list of those who created the Fellowship out of their minds and spirits is much too long to set down here. I deem it only just, though, to congratulate Kathryn Brown for having sat at the center of us, keeping the lines open, for twenty-five years.

—P. G.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS *by Reuben L. Musey*

ANNIVERSARY RECOLLECTIONS

THIS month marks a memorable occasion for Fellowship in Prayer.

Twenty-five years ago—on June 5, 1950—the Fellowship was incorporated. That date also was the seventieth birthday of its founder, Carl Allison Evans.

The Fellowship can appropriately pause on its silver anniversary to appraise its contributions in bringing to the people throughout America and the world "the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God. . . ."

"A Quarter of a Century of Religious Ideals Through Fellowship in Prayer" in this case is not a mere quotation, but a true picture of a publication that has in printed word brought its members into closer harmony with the watchword "For a world united in prayer."

Fellowship in Prayer enters this memorable month with a feeling of deep humility to its members. The staff expresses its sincere thanks for the confidence that you, the members, have placed in us. May we assure you that our aim, as always, is to follow in practice and deed the Fellowship's purpose: "A closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

Anniversary recollections. . . .

Two decades, plus five. . . .

Dateline. . . June 5, 1950!

Carl Allison Evans undertook to have the Fellowship incorporated. On the above date, the incorporation papers were filed with the Secretary of State, Albany, N.Y. Following this, he made application to the United States Treasury Department and acquired for the corporation the right to accept income-tax-deductible contributions. As the contributions came in, he proceeded to rent or purchase the necessary office equipment. The publication gradually improved in typography and artistic appearance. On June 27, trustees and members formally met. The Constitution and By-laws

were adopted. The purpose of the corporation was declared. The officers were elected, with Mr. Evans as Executive Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

From past issues these words re-echo and should inspire each and every member:

1952--

"If there were not at the core of all creeds a nucleus of religious truth, neither Christianity nor any other faith would have anything to build on..."

1963—

"In deep prayer we commune in speechless love, and wonder, in a silence more profound than the silence of great deserts, with a Power that created us..."

1975—

"Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Prayer does not change God, but it does change us and our relation to God...."

Speaking for the staff, it is a memorable anniversary when readers can reflect upon so many years of building into a publication those intangible things that make for high standards, moral tone, and a religious purpose that will not be denied. An institution or an individual becomes great when the enterprise in which they engage contributes permanent and lasting values.

Reuben L. Mowry

A PRAYER FOR SUMMER

Dennis Barry Carroll

DEAR GOD, whatever things are lovely in summer, we reflect upon Your blessings in giving purpose to everything---the roses, the sunset, the quiet brooks, the long days. Summer is but another chapter in the pages of the book of life.

Excerpts from the report
made by Executive Secretary Kathryn G. Brown
to the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees
on April 17, 1975

THE YEAR 1974

THIS REPORT is being written by one who has been with Fellowship in Prayer since its beginning and through all of its twenty-five years. During this time there have been many inspirations and many challenges, but it is possible that 1974 was—to paraphrase Dickens—"the best of years and the worst of years."

It began with the Executive Director recuperating in Princeton from a heart attack which occurred while the Executive Secretary was recovering from surgery and hospitalization herself. She was able to VariType the February issue of the publication and, on January 23, to take it to Princeton so that he could proofread it. The issue was mailed with the help of the Fellowship's loyal member, Frank Mastropaolo. (Mr. Mastropaolo also helped to mail all subsequent issues throughout the year.) Thereafter, the Executive Secretary was obliged to be out of the office during several extended periods—from February 11 to 16, and from May 7 to 20, on account of her mother's illness; and from April 4 to 8 she was confined to her apartment because of a virus-attack. The Executive Director returned to the office on February 6 and thereafter came in twice a week until March 25, when he started to work every day except Wednesday. This went on until the end of April, when, on doctor's orders because of the commuting, he retired as Executive Director and resumed a one-day-a-week schedule as editor only. On account of these unexpected events, the Annual Board of Trustees Meeting had to be postponed until April 23. From then on, in order to at least keep abreast of the work, the Executive Secretary spent long hours in the office, including many weekends.

* * *

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in the New York office of the Fellowship during April, new President Reuben L. Musey chats with Kathryn Brown under a portrait of Carl Evans.

In August, Trustee Reuben L. Musey and his wife, a Fellowship Advisor, came to New York for a conference about F.I.P.'s twenty-fifth anniversary. (At this conference, it was decided that the most appropriate celebration would be not a dinner or meeting but a significant increase in the Fellowship's membership.) At this time the Executive Secretary asked Trustee Musey if he would be willing to let her submit his name to the Board as a candidate for President of Fellowship in Prayer. He asked for time to give the matter his most prayerful consideration. Subsequently he agreed to let the Secretary submit his name as a candidate. In September he was unanimously voted by circulation ballot to be Fellowship in Prayer's third president. Being both young and generously spirited, he instantly became active in various aspects of the Fellowship's work. He wrote letters to members. He wrote to President Gerald R. Ford, pledging Fellowship in Prayer's cooperation, and received in reply a very cordial letter of gratitude from the President himself. He instituted a column, "The President's Comments," in the bimonthly publication. He kept in weekly touch with the staff. He obviously has the life of the Fellowship close to his heart and active mind. He is supplying the personal kind of leadership the Fellowship has sorely needed from its President for a long time. Partly through his devoted efforts, and partly because trustees and members gave numerous gift subscriptions, the organization was able to announce that December saw more new subscribers in one month than ever before in its history. Advisor Mildred Seydell again gave a large number of gift subscriptions to colleges and universities.

* * *

In July, Miss Edna C. Dunlap, formerly of Chicago and a member of the Fellowship since 1950, died in the Presbyterian Retirement Home in Evanston, Illinois. Miss Dunlap contributed generously over the years. She brought in a number of friends, who became enthusiastic and active workers, including the late Anna Grace Sawyer. In 1958, Miss Dunlap gave a dinner-party in honor of the Executive Secretary when she flew to Chicago to attend the

Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom.

In the fall of 1974 another longtime member passed on: Mrs. Emmy Lou Schweigert Kutch, who died in a Fort Smith, Arkansas, hospital following a stroke. She had been a member since 1951 and an Advisor for several years.

* * *

In June, arrangements were made with Mrs. Elizabeth Barjou, a member since 1967, to come to the office on an average of twice a week to address envelopes and assist with other details.

* * *

On September 12, the Editor and Executive Secretary drove to Lemoyne, Pennsylvania, to be the guests of Catherine Cabeen Houck and her husband Ivan. During this visit, we met Eleanor Ebersole, a longtime contributor of fiction to the publication. In the evening we were joined for dinner by Reuben Musey and his wife Rosie, who drove over from their home in Hagerstown, Md. After dinner we attended a meeting which Catherine Houck arranged for the Fellowship in the Camp Hill United Methodist Church. Trustee Reuben Musey, Editor Paul Griffith, and the Executive Secretary spoke. Members of the audience were invited to ask questions and participate in an extremely interesting discussion of prayer. We were delighted to meet Contributing Editor Emma McLaughlin, who invited us for lunch at her home the following day. Like all of our F.I.P. trips, this one provided many new friends for the Fellowship and also filled us with the sort of inspiration that is the particular gift of members to the staff in New York.

* * *

Early in the year, the final lessons of the *Course in Prayer* by Dr. Francis Merchant were mailed out. This unique and characteristically generous contribution of Dr. Merchant's was widely appreciated—first by the Editor, who was proud to send out such finely conceived and written matter to the membership, and then

by the members who received it with the greatest interest. Several prayer-groups used the lessons, as they appeared, as the basis of meetings and studies.

* * *

The bimonthly publication's postage-rates went up this year to sixteen cents a copy (special fourth-class) and thirty cents (first class). Nevertheless, it was a successful year. Never had so much poetry been received by the Editor and never, in his opinion, so much of such exceptional quality.

"Poetry such as this," one reader wrote in, "could well lift Fellowship in Prayer into a special quality bracket. Of course, the superior prose pages have already done that. But such poetry (as that of Millicent Chatel and Joy Bergman) could well give quality its wings!"

The Editorials continued to be commended. One reader hoped a book of them would be printed. Another said they were the first thing she reads in the publication because she finds them "so human and so like people."

And "The President's Comments" also elicited compliments. The first, which featured his photograph, made members feel they were dealing with someone very human and very nice (as indeed they are). One reader wrote in: "The new President deserves bravos for historical-minded words. I firmly believe that our country needs now those who can instill a love of country in the hearts of the young. This will lead to God and the Spiritual...because a love of Nature, Beauty, and Creation is God in action."

To cite all the compliments that have been received in regard to the bimonthly publication would take pages.

* * *

And now I will close this report with a prayer written by the

Fellowship's founder, Carl Allison Evans, the night before he passed on. I found it among his papers:

Dear God my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for all the mercies of life; for life itself and all those who helped in my nurture, education, and development. I thank Thee for the measure of success Thou hast granted me in business, in music, in avocational interests in many fields. I thank Thee for a talented wife, who encouraged worthwhile pursuits and gave liberally of her life to the enrichment of other lives. I thank Thee for the challenge of Calvary's Cross and the Power of the Risen Saviour. I thank Thee for the opportunity for service in far-off lands—in His name, and the wide experiences growing therefrom; for the call to serve the church at home and abroad as layman and a ruling elder; for the appointment to and successful completion of years with Christian Education in China; for the birth and far-flung influence of Fellowship in Prayer. O God, bless its Trustees, Editors, its Advisors and Sponsors. Bless its staff that Fellowship in Prayer may grow to wield an ever-increasing force toward the achievement of a spiritual regeneration throughout the world. In the name of Jesus Amen.

Since President Reuben L. Musey has made Fellowship in Prayer's twenty-fifth anniversary theme "A Look Backward...An Aim Forward," Mr. Evans's prayer seems the ideal way to take a look backward at this moment. In its beautiful thankfulness and hopefulness for the future, it also provides the right spirit for us at this moment. We, too, must look past our difficulties and problems to "the achievement of a spiritual regeneration throughout the world." We must dedicate our second quarter-century to that purpose.

LIKE FERN PRESERVED IN ROCK

Alice Mackenzie Swaim

Like fern preserved in rock, my dreaming lies
forever delicate, yet each detail
uncrumbled by the ravages of time.
No danger can diminish it, no storm
confuse its individuality.
Through populated peril I can pass,
my hun ger ravening, my future lost,
yet crystal-pure the encased dreaming lies
like glory round my bent and battered head.

STAR FISH

Joy Bergman

As I reach out of darkness into Love
I perceive a single Star Fish
O Star Fish I love you

I was born to bring, just you
into the world
You are so delicate, and singular and sweet
I want to pour out my love for you

I gave you an entire ocean
to swim in
Don't you like it?

Sometimes it is luminous
Sometimes there are so many fish
you cannot see

I love all my fish — but my
Star fish I love you, Best.

TO LIVE IS TO LOVE AND BELIEVE

Carla Patsuris

Everything is displaced by something
In the act of becoming
And we can never stop it
But can know
Love's Infinite is
Filled with space;
Everything vibrating and colliding
In its displacement of something
When nothing is lost
That becomes new.

A GARDEN LIVES FOREVER

Dorothy Burdett Kavka

My neighbor's garden was a lovely thing:
The bearded purple iris stooped to smile
On upturned pansy faces each new spring;
The mottled foxglove turned its fourchettes down
To touch Sweet William on his sturdy crown;
The larkspur and the primrose by the wall
Succeeded were by asters blue, each fall.
And then my neighbor moved, and straightway weeds
Invaded all the beauty blossoms fling
Abroad for passing eye to see: —
Grass choked the bearded iris, peony.

But stay, a garden's spirit never dies.
New tenants glimpse its beauty through new eyes.
They've started in to plant and in some plot
Will bloom all lovely things the old forgot.

THE DEDICATION

Lucille Patterson

TO ANGELA the three symbolic features of summer were identified with Easter, Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July.

Angela found it most difficult to substitute the gay straw baskets of colored eggs for the gaily-trimmed straw bonnets displayed in the smart shops of the town. Memorial Day was yet the time for cuddly pink and white peonies, carnations, and yellow roses to fill the graveside urns with remembrance and prayer. And...the Fourth of July was really a day for Thanksgiving, celebrated with immortalized rhetoric, pomp and splendor, spirited band music, and firecrackers shot off in the city park.

Only, Angela was no longer a little girl going on twelve, but a young lady ready for Junior High. She accepted her position gravely, even proudly...yet wistfully...rekindling the nostalgia of her earlier years when the town, like her, had been young and eager and gracious.

Angela held her breath as the chartered bus pulled majestically into the cemetery. There were twenty-six members in the Girls Glee Club. With amusement she watched Mr. Bayer, the director, count noses. No one, after all, could have gotten lost under the seats or in the luggage rack. But Mr. Bayer's craggy jawline was a study in accuracy and painstaking. . . like the half-notes and quarter-notes he whacked out with his baton.

"One, two — one, two. . . ."

and Angela mischievously rhymed, "Button my shoe. . . ."

Such merriment did not pass beyond the swift sparkle in her eyes, however, or the wayward curve of her smiling, young lips. Angela was too polite for either mockery or sarcasm. Her pride was deeply rooted, from the inbred conclusion that "Pretty is as pretty does." Angela doted on spiritual beauty, a beauty that far outweighed and outlasted the golden highlights in her silken tresses and the deepening blush in her delicately molded cheekbones or the enticing tenderness of her warm, pink lips.

"Angela is beautiful" whispered each dazzling reflection

from mirrors and store windows and the admiring eyes of the many people who passed her on the street or talked to her—even the boys who hung back and ogled her from afar.

Angela modeled in all the fashion shows. She was photographed at every correct function. So many times had her picture graced the weekly church folder, holding a wee lamb or kitten, a prayer book, or standing reverently before a somber cross.

Angela herself seemed a symbol of all the good things there were to offer in this world. Perhaps this accounted for her wonder and perplexity over the worries and unhappiness that beset other human beings. Perhaps it accounted for some of the worries and unhappiness that beset even her own mind, for Angela, though a child, knew fear. She kept these fears locked up in her heart, vaguely resenting the necessity of keeping such problems secret. No one understood how a lovely child like Angela could have problems. Angela realized beauty itself was a problem. When she glanced up into the rearview mirror of the bus, her eyes met those of the driver. . . . Angela smiled back, trying to convey the feeling that all was right in her world. It was going to be a good day.

The cemetery was a lovely place, furrowed with stately white marble, neat and clipped greens, clustered with flowers in almost clandestine alignment across the rolling acres of hallowed soil.

Today marked the dedication of the Singing Tower. It was breathtakingly beautiful, sphered upward into the heavens, almost dwarfing the trees standing in their early spring finery, limbs folded as if bedecked in dense green choir-robes, the hedges rowed as if waiting for holy communion, the bridal wreath wearing their lush white blossoms like lace mantels veiled before the altar.

Angela stared rapturously at the Shrine of Dedication. Inside, the organ played softly, sending its chimes ringing defiantly from the upper regions where the tower was encased in iron grillework framing the narrow shafts of intricately designed glass windows. There was not even the flutter of a bird's wing, though a fat white dove rested for an instant on this mystic domain to peer down among the intruders.

"It's lovely!" breathed another Glee Club member into Angela's ear.

"And so modernistic!" another observed fervently.

"Wait till you see the pipe organ," promised Angela. "I read in the paper it was assembled from some great cathedrals in Alsacre-Lorraine. Some of the pipes came all the way from an old, abandoned convent in Austria!"

As the girls left the bus and approached the chapel's entrance, they faltered momentarily, looking uncertainly for their accompanist.

Miss Shaw kept herding them on like bumbling sheep. A minister from First Presbyterian Church stood at the doorway, mopping his brow with an immaculately white handkerchief which he stuffed repeatedly, with immaculate conscience, back into his vest pocket. There was also an elderly priest who glanced at them curiously, without a smile, though his welcoming nod was encouraging enough. A beribboned general from the armed forces accompanied the mayor. This could not be. The tower took on the aspect of the old woman who lived in the shoe! There were too many children. They took their places in order of program.

Angela's heart squeezed oddly as the opening chords beat against the balmy afternoon winds. Memorial Day, 1974. The holiday for honoring the dead. There were so many of them. Their tiny crosses assembled in a distant corner. So many words, so many gestures. . . they were now gathered together to show their gratitude, their respect, to dedicate this edifice as a humble token of their esteem—so nobly done. . .went the Gettysburg address. Then the girls were singing. Their fresh young voices went soaring swiftly and clearly out the stained-glass windows that opened from the eloquent, gleaming tower.

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, . . . in his bosom, that transfigures you and me. . . Glory. . . Glory. . . Hallelujah!"

The girls could not hear the many onlookers whose voices sturdily joined them from the hillside, nor could they see the tears strung from many a bereaved heartstring, nor feel the loneliness, nor the exultation. Each had a job to do. Breathe between syll-

ables. Don't flat the G sharps. Be mentally alert. Keep your eyes at all times on Mr. Bayer and his ticking, thrusting baton.

Angela's ears roared. Her chest felt stuffed like a rag doll. She felt her voice coming into one side of her pounding head and dizzily monitored out the other, until Miss Shaw triumphantly sounded the warning chords of the recessional. The speeches, the prayers. . . the dedication was over! The chapel door swung open. Air, wonderful fresh air rushed into the misty regions of the chapel, washing Angela's brain and revitalizing her spirits.

Some of the Glee Club still breathed excitedly, gladdened by their contribution to the ceremony. The girls chatted noisily. Nobody minded. Everyone seemed to be congratulating themselves and each other on the dedication's being a success.

"My folks come every year," Cathy Snyder was saying. "I was so busy getting ready for the program, I didn't pick a single flower!" She prodded Angela. "How about you?"

"My folks did our graves yesterday morning, so they would look nice today. I raided Grandmother's herb garden. It's hidden behind some awfully sticky rose bushes, but the lilacs are simply divine." Angela said.

"Memorial Day has always been a family get-together at our house," Ruthie Weber said. "This year only my Aunt Stella could make it. There has been so much rain, they're too busy with spring planting."

"Memorial Day isn't old-fashioned anymore like it used to be," Cathy said. "Remember when we were all patriotism and family?"

Angela remembered. She was surprised and elated that her friends remembered, too. "I guess the world is growing up. We have had so many wars. Every generation is a soldier. I think most families are sort of resigned to it. You can't be eternally grateful for a war to end all wars when another starts before you have done with the last. Why don't we walk around and look at the flowers? They're so beautiful!"

"Too bad they won't last," Cathy said. "It seems like such wasted memory."

"I guess that's why they built the Singing Tower. It's supposed to be a lasting tribute to our honored dead."

"Weshould all say 'thank you,'" Angela said as the three made their way to a small isolated mound where a single iron cross stood alone.

The girls knelt and squinted at the dates: 1895-1917.

"Why," Ruthie said, "this one was only twenty-two years old!"

"By this time," Cathy said, "his family has probably died or moved away!"

Angela tugged at the comb in her hair. A single flower—a yellow rose—tumbled out. She held it briefly in her palm, removing a bobbie pin, and then carefully placed it at the foot of the barren little cross. "This is for you, Soldier Boy. Whoever you are," she said. "Maybe we aren't so good at praying, but we can say 'thank you.'"

"We are grateful," Ruthie said.

And Cathy added: "We appreciate all you have done for us. For giving us America...and our freedom to live in peace and harmony with our fellowmen...and to worship as we choose."

"Amen," they said in unison.

The bus-ride home was noisier than need be. Miss Shaw sat up front and chatted with the driver. Mr Bayer gingerly joined in the singing of several rousing songs.

Angela sat in solemn rapture, gazing out upon the dwindling countryside. Golden highlights were still in her unadorned hair, and her eyes were bright with unshed tears. There was another light shining from a spiritual halo which encircled the beauty of a young girl's dedication.

....A memorable day in the memory of what being a little girl was like, once the growing-up days have come and gone forever.

EVOLUTION

Michael Toryfter

When the spirit speaks
The mind listens.
When the spirit moves
The soul evolves.

A WALK OF TRUST

Emma S. McLaughlin

Peter, I know. I know. I understand.
We all deny the Lord
in different ways,
shrinking like nothingness
into the shadows,
hiding ourselves from life
lest its waves engulf us.

We have great moments too,
even as you,
when "being" crests within us,
when love sweeps every cowardice away.
Then we stand tall,
casting a steady shadow, giant size,
upon the turbulence.

Today we took a simple walk of trust.
No wind, Peter; no threat of storm.
Eyes bound securely,
depending on a partner for direction,
we moved as blind men
through familiar rooms,
halting . . . unsure.

Like you, we trusted,
yet we were afraid.
What loomed ahead of us
under cover of darkness?
A wall? A chair?
Our own self-consciousness?
Specters of our own making?

Peter, we tremble through life
clutching at straws.
We sink and rise, we sink and rise,

accepting and denying,
but each step finds us stronger than the last,
moving us forward—positioning—until we clasp
the saving, outstretched hand.

DESERT CACTUS CONTRASTS

Phyllis B. Crockett

With bright swords flashing,
Prickly Pear stands guard
Over delicate triplicate bloom
In glistening red and gold.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

Jack Ashby

Oh Lord, show me the purpose of my life,
The reason Thou hast placed me where Thou hast
In this strange world to live through bitter strife,
But also pleasure. When this life is past
There must have been a reason why it was,
A reason that is not yet clear to me.
And I want to achieve this task because
I know this way I will come nearer Thee.
I do not ask for wealth or greatness, just
That Thou wilt help me to accomplish the task,
Though humble, Thou hast set for me. I trust
In Thee to show it to me. This I ask:
Simply that Thou wilt make it clear to me
How I can do Thy will and best serve Thee.

THREE POEMS

by Kelly Janes

1/ Sunrise Changes Blue To Green

In prayer we no longer despair.
Across many miles of air
I am turning your pain into pleasure
By sharing with you the elixir
Of life, the wine of compassion,
And with it the bread of heaven.
Thus I initiate you
Into perpetual now.

2/ Prayer to Holy Wisdom

I thank you, Sophia,
That I am no longer naked,
That you have clothed me
With this woman, my wife;

That, while I am her
Inwardness of passion,
She is my prudence,
Shielding me from

The burning gaze of youth
And maturity's cold kiss,
That in utmost danger
I am safe in her belly;

Just as you likewise,
As his sister and mother,
Save your own master
From disease and disaster.

3/ Miriamic Benediction

May our lady and lord
Both bless you all,
Give you deep drafts
Of juice from grape and apricot,
Satisfy also your hunger,
While you catch their thrown
Kisses before, durin g,
And after their wedding.

TEARS, GOOD LITTLE FELLOWS

William Walter De Bolt

Tears, good little fellows,
  Bring us relief
And help us to carry
  Our burdens of grief.

Though wiser than Solomon,
  How do they know
Where they should visit,
  When they should go?

SCANDAL

Max S. Barker

Crows
screeching
their slander,
shred the missing
one.

THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE

Mildred Long

GOD'S LOVE is like the ocean.

I look upon the vast expanse of water before me. As far as my vision can reach I see the breakers near the shore, the land swells just beyond, the blue-green water stretching out and out to the distant horizon. Beyond that my imagination takes over. Out and out in all directions the restless waves move toward some farther shore. Lands I never saw: palms and tropical foliage, glaciers and snow-capped peaks rising up from the surface of the deep.

My eye sees one little picture. My imagination catches a glimpse of what is beyond physical vision. But out beyond this and wider and deeper than these lie the great untouched expanse and depths of waters unmeasured, unexplored.

So is the love of God.

I look upon my life and see His love expressed to me in the beauty of His handiwork, in the way He has directed my going and protected my life, in the blessings He gives of friends and dear ones, in the peace He puts into my heart. All of these show me God and His love.

My inmost feeling tells me there are wider expanses and deeper depths than my eye can see or my mind can grasp. When I get still within and begin to contemplate His love, I am lost in the wonder of it, the immensity of it, the beauty and perfection of it. My mind no longer tries to grasp it. Rather I give myself to it, become absorbed in it, and am carried away in contemplation of His love manifested in Jesus Christ: That I might know the height and depth and length and breadth of His love and might be filled with all the fullness of God. That mighty ocean of love pours over me, an empty straw, and carries me along joyfully, full of life and vigor, till I am lost in love and life.

And yet I know I have only touched the minutest surface

of His love. Reaching out to infinity there is more and more. To the lowest depths, to the highest heights, even out beyond the illimitable stars that love enfolds and restores all whom it touches. It is higher and wider and deeper than the measure of man's mind. It is infinite not only in its scope but in its power. It redeems, heals, restores, transforms not just the surface of my life. It vitalizes and renews to the very core, to the deepest depths.

But like the straw I must be empty of self that He may fill me. And I must be turned to the current to allow His love to flow through me. Then to me to live is Christ. I am lost in Eternity.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

The value of time.
The necessity of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The worth of character.
The dignity of simplicity.
The power of kindness.
The wisdom of saving.
The virtue of patience.
The joy of originality.
The beauty of cheerfulness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The love of God.

(Contributed by Wilma Felger)

A TREE FALLS: AN ALLEGORY

Ruby A. Jones

The wind bloweth where it listeth

AND the rains came and the winds beat against the great tree, and it fell with a groan and a splintering of trunk and branches and tore up the earth where its roots had lain for many seasons. And when the night had passed, there was a "lonesome place against the sky" where it had been, and a sighing on the wind.

And the man came with a saw, and with a screaming sound he dismembered its trunk and sliced it into pieces. And it was as though it had never been.

Now the hot, blinding sun beat down where once there was cool shade, and the places where cattle and sheep had rested in the heat of the noontide were no more. The sheltering branches that had nested bird and squirrel had vanished as though they had been swallowed up.

Never again in the springtime would be heard the sound of sap dripping steadily through the spigot into the syrup pail. And no more in the autumn would it dress itself in the splendor of scarlet, russet, and gold.

Where it had grown, shoulders thrust proudly among the stars or silhouetted against a cloud-bank, there is nothing. Nearby, a dead sister tree, stripped and bare, holds aloft empty arms, a gaunt, ghostly skeleton silvered by moonglow. Even in death this one had held fast against the storm.

And we ask: Why did the living tree fall and the dead one stand? But if the answer is written on the wind, it is in a language we do not understand.

Herein lies a parable. In like manner have we not said: Why are some taken and others left, and apparently for no rhyme or reason? When a man falls, like soldiers the rest shift closer together to fill up the empty ranks. Or one comes forward to take his place. But when a tree dies, there is left only emptiness.

And yet where the great tree fell I find green shoots and

other signs of new growth. Life continues...in a new way perhaps, and in a new place. And the old dead tree casts its leafless shadows in benediction over the promises at its feet.

TIME

Estelle D. Broadrick

TIME is all-important. It means all things. You may study and listen for years and yet it has been of little help to your understanding. Then suddenly one day your eyes are open, your ears hear, and your mind understands. Words that were just words have acquired a meaning.

The words lay there like bulbs in the earth for a season and then like green magic sent up exploratory spears and finally burst into bloom.

The printed word, the remembered words are deep with meaning, with new and wonderful meanings. The mind is illumined. The mind is flooded with pure and intense light.

"The readiness is all. . ." Shakespeare said. This is essential truth. Years accumulate. Experiences pass. Life may be impoverished or enriched. The soul may shrink or expand. There may be deep sorrows, or bleak forbidding vistas. There may be a sense of great helplessness, or a feeling of strong faith and great strength.

Read and study the Scriptures, and pray for understanding. Listen, and some day you may understand. And that day will redeem all of the other days when you did not understand.

One's personal experiences, one's preparedness and thinking, one's own degree of readiness makes the vast difference.

Some words seem to disappear into the darkened caverns of the mind, only to float to consciousness on another day. Some words go deep. There may be words that you struggle to understand for long years. Then one day understanding is there. You cannot say you learned the formula for learning, or if you have, you stumbled upon it by accident.

There are probably moments of disconcerting doubt. You wonder if you will ever attain wisdom or full communication. You fear you have missed the real implications and true meanings.

There are often thoughts and feelings you cannot explain. You reach only the threshold of wisdom.

You cannot quite fathom the initial incomprehension. The mist is not yet cleared away. You can only guess at the tranquility that awaits you. So you read more and study more and pray more. Clear away the dead leaves on the doorstep to your questing mind. The door will open. . . . Faith is the key—and searchers will always find these are Biblical promises.

LIVING WITH THE WORLD

Sam Himmell

THE LAND that has four well-defined seasons cannot lack beauty, or pall with montony. . . . Democracy is unfinished business, it is a process of always advancing toward fulfillment. It cannot survive where there is such uniformi ty that every one wears exactly the same intellectual uniform or point of view. . . .In a democracy, the opposition is not only accepted as constitutional, but must be maintained because it is indispensable. Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. . . . The real American idea is not that every man shall be on a level with every other, but that every one shall have liberty without hindrance to be what God made him. . . . Democracy and religion stand or fall together. Where democracy has been destroyed, religion has been doomed. Where religion has been trampled down,democracy has ceased to exist. Tyrants have come and had their day and then have passed while religion has survived them all.

Before us men have flourished just as we
Now flourish; others yet again shall be
Whose generations we shall never see.

(Reprinted from a PRINTING NEWS editorial. Contributed by Paul Dyal)

FOURTH ODE

Gordon Shoemaker

One man in history lives, earning
Him a line of memory for his hatred.
But of the ten thousand who struggled
Through Anatolia, few are remembered.
So live the fragments of the ancients:
A line of poetry, a stone, an inscription.
Of the ninety plays barely seven survive;
Thus mute monuments to toil
Remember the toll of days, and shards
Reward the doer at his deeds.

STILLNESS

Marion J. Richardson

When all noises stop
and space stares into space—
even bells in steeples stop;
the deep stillness, in grace,
favors nature's intercommunion
with God.

A thought goes out at will
and does not make a sound.
The secret that lies so still
is entombed for only God to know.

When one is alone,
they need not be lonely
in that stillness—
they can meditate
and commune with God.

THE NEED AND THE MEANS

Harry Halsey Starrett

IN God's intelligent, just, irrevocable and eternal plan, we find that man's needs and the means to take care of those needs go hand-in-hand. They are one and inseparable and when God created man, He endowed him with everything he could ever need throughout his life upon this earth. He placed in man's hand the key to His illimitable wealth, and that key is faith.

Lack, therefore, is a false concept of man's finite mind.

When we are engaged in a righteous cause, with a pure and selfless heart, with perfect faith in God's allness, we can go about our affairs with perfect assurance that when the need presents itself the means will come right along with it.

Those who have not experienced this great reality have missed the greatest thing in life. They have forfeited "the pearl of great price"—man's divine heritage.

THE STARS

Eleanor Ebersole

ONCE there was a child who looked up to the stars and then looked down to the lake. The lake did not reflect the stars. The child looked to the flat rocks of the mountains that caught the sun, but no sign of a star was to be found. None of earth's mirrors seemed great enough or small enough to capture even the slightest part of a star.

It was impossible to walk around with one's head tilted up all the time. And, in the day, or in the fog, the stars seemed to disappear altogether. Many times the child lived without a star.

How to capture a star—and keep one's eyes on streetlights, stop signs, school books and chalk boards! The child concluded it was not possible. Only the stars might help her, and they didn't.

Spring and fall, summer and winter went by. Copies of stars

grew in the grass. Icy stars appeared on the windows. Copies of stars were made for Christmas, but not real stars. No real stars ever existed, it seemed, except in the child's dreams. There they stayed, season after season, to be reaffirmed on whatever night they could be.

Years went by, and the situation remained the same. Copies and copies and copies of stars, a few in her dreams; then, one in her heart. When she knew that stars exist only in comparison, she accepted their wondrous brightness as the tiniest part of her very own heart.

BEAUTY *Mary Imogene Harris*

Beauty lies
within the vision
of the beholder.

We are told
thus
where beauty lies.

This is true
only
when the eyes
are focused
On God's standards.

REACHING FOR THE GOLD RING

Arthur W. Muller

MANY native oldtimers of New York City will remember North Beach, the once-popular amusement park on Long Island. Now the site of LaGuardia Airport, it had been a family recreation area during the early part of this century. Among its numerous attractions were three merry-go-rounds which provided fun for young and old.

I can still recall one of the carousels. It was unique. In addition to its lavish ceiling decoration of hundreds of stars and the signs of the Zodiac, its horses were adorned with fancy collars bearing the name of each planet or constellation. It was thrilling to see Mercury gliding up and down beside Venus, while Orion stood calmly among the stationary steeds of Pluto and Sirius.

The melodious tunes of the music, the increasing acceleration of the rotating carousel and the gaiety of the strapholders as they eagerly reached for the brass ring, are nostalgic memories. Only one fortunate rider would obtain the brass ring, entitling him to a free ride.

I began to compare this manmade scene of whirling riders, surrounded by an imitation of nature's wonders, to our spinning earth nestled among the planets and constellations in space. I thought about the millions of inhabitants on this globe who are reaching out for hope and strength, constantly seeking truth, happiness, and success.

An invisible ring, held secure by a Supreme Power, is poised in space ready to receive these desperate souls striving to clutch its rim. This is the gold ring of comfort and solace, welcoming sincere believers who need support.

Each day a few hands will find and touch this ring to attain a renewed feeling in life that is in harmony with Divine Providence. This spiritual gold ring will be shining with celestial light—bringing rich rewards to all faithful adherents.

SALVIFIC

Peter J. Maurano, Jr.

Lord, I'd like
To get to heaven.
I'd like to see
The vision beatific.
Have to watch, however,
This particular politic:
The state of Grace.

***

FRIENDSHIP

Irene Payan

Friendship, like a butterfly,
needs warmth,
a cautious approach.
It need not be a Swallowtail.
A tiny Melissa Blue
is just as pleasant.
Tread softly;
Appreciate friendship. . .
like a fragile butterfly.

***

THE STAR CACTUS

Phyllis B. Crockett

Its "Bishop's Cap" crowned yellow and gold,
Even unbelievers' faith takes hold—
As they view the Wonder of God.
Why the repeating fives on this plant?
Five-dotted stars make a ponderous sight—
Five yellow blossoms crown the desert night.

AN INDIAN VERSION OF THE 23RD PSALM

Martha Fowler Reichle

Many years ago the Indians of the plains heard the Twenty-third Psalm and were much intrigued by it. They wanted to share its beauty with neighboring tribes but were unable to because of the difference of language. One Indian suggested they translate it into the universal Indian sign-language, which was done. Many tribes shared its inspiration and loveliness. A white missionary, Isabel Crawford, understood sign-language so well that she could translate it into literal English. Below is the result. —M.F.R.

THE great Father above a shepherd Chief is. I am HIS and with HIM I want not. HE throws out to me a rope and the name of the rope is Love and He draws me to where the grass is green and the water not dangerous, and I eat and lie down and am satisfied. Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down but HE lifts me up again and draws me into a good road. His name is Wonderful.

Sometime, it may be very soon, it may be a long, long time, HE will draw me into a valley. It is dark there, but I'll be afraid not, for it is in-between those mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet me and the hunger that I have in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.

Sometimes HE makes the love rope into a whip, but after-

wards HE gives me a staff to lean upon. HE spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. HE puts HIS hand upon my head and all the "tired" is gone. My cup HE fills till it runs over. What I tell is true. I lie not. These roads that are "away ahead" will stay with me through this life and after; and afterwards I will go live in the Big Tepee and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

SEEK THE LORD (Isaiah 55 : 6)

Dennis Barry Carroll

SEEK the Lord. . . This is a day of opportunity. God's first word to humankind is a word of invitation: "Come!" This word of invitation runs all through scripture.

Seek Him in His word. . . Seek Him in the sacraments. . . Seek Him in prayer. . .

This is an amazing thing — that the great holy God pursues us relentlessly in love through all the experiences of life.

We have a great God. He takes the initiative in seeking us and pursuing us in love and in bringing us to Himself.

Christian believers form a procession of splendor which marches down the centuries under the benediction of our loving Lord, who lifted up His hands in the act of blessing His disciples as He was ascending to the right hand of the Father.

We are pilgrims of eternity. In the light of life's brevity and uncertainty, in the light of the possibility of losing the capacity to grasp the gospel message, we must show our love daily.

God accepts us out of Grace. God's generous love is a love which satisfies the deepest yearnings of the human heart. God's love is sustained; it cannot be cut off.

Remembering His steadfastness, how great it is to trust God!

Seek the Lord. . . This is a day of opportunity.

"Seek the Lord while He may be found. . . while He is near."

BOOK REVIEW *by Vivian M. Singerling*

PRAYER CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE by William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns, Pocket Books, New York, $1.25.

IN December of last year I was scanning a store's paperback book rack, seeking an inexpensive book with a religious theme to present as a Christmas gift to members of my senior high Sunday school class. This title caught my eye, and I decided to buy the number of copies of it that I needed. After I read it, I knew I had made the right decision.

In past years the book market has produced many do-it-yourself books, but this one is unusual. Instead of dealing with manual labor, it deals with the mind and spirit. With the help of prayer, one can delve into the subconscious mind to bring forth into the conscious those fears, inferiority feelings, worries, and frustrations that many of us are plagued with.

Dr. Parker conducted an experiment in which forty-five men and women shed their problems and developed a new method of self-help. His "guinea pigs" were from all walks of life and included agnostics, a minister, and an atheist. These forty-five people were divided into three groups of fifteen each. Group one, under psychotherapy; group two, random pray-ers; group three, prayer therapy. At the start all were given psychological tests to serve as a basis for prognosis. These served as guides for the counselor of each group. Results were not shown to testees.

Nine months after the experiment began, all participants were re-tested. Group one, with no mention of prayer, made a 65% improvement in both tests and symptoms. Group two, those who prayed on their own, showed no progress in either the tests or their symptoms. Group three, after prayer therapy, made a 72% improvement, with the improvement greater in both the symptoms and the tests.

The chapter titles speak for themselves—Chapter 11 "How To Approach Self-Honesty," Chapter 12 "Techniques For Self-Knowledge," Chapter 13 "Prayer Therapy on a Daily Basis." In Chapter 15 Dr. Parker says, "Prayer therapy is not new. It

is probably the most ancient healing art known to man." He lists quotations from many philosophers in various fields of endeavor.

Recently one of my Sunday school students informed me he had chosen this book for a book-report in a class at school. I was happy to learn that after he gave the report some of his classmates asked to borrow the book. In my opinion, this speaks exceptionally well for it, considering the span of years between myself and these students. It is truly worth reading.

MINI THANKS

Wyn Hope

Tuned in to God, I want to say
Little prayers throughout the day.
"Thank you, God, for this clear sky!"
"Thank you for that friend's warm 'Hi!'"
As the traffic lights turn green,
When my home is bright and clean,
When a crisis comes and goes
Or a seedling thrives and grows.
"Bless my friend who made that call."
"Thank You for this triumph small!"
"Thank You, God; my headache's gone."
Little prayers go on and on.
Many times throughout the day
I take a minute out to pray.

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NOTICES & COMMENT

TRUSTEES MEET. The Fellowship's Board of Trustees held its Annual Meeting in the New York office in the middle of April. President Reuben L. Musey chaired, giving his own report on prospects for the Bicentennial year. Miss Brown gave the Executive Secretary's report (*see below),* Mr. Griffith the Treasurer's report. With Rabbi Silver adding his zeal and wit to the longtime experience of Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain and Edwiene Schmitt, it was an inspiring and extremely interesting session—a good start on a second twenty-five years.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY'S REPORT. On page 4 of this issue are printed some excerpts from the report of the Executive Secretary to the Board on the year past. This is the first time any part of such a report has been published for members to read. It is done so at the suggestion of the Board, which received it with admiration.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. The bimonthly publication is published six times a year (February, April, June, August, October, and December) at the rate of fifty cents per copy (thirty-five cents for a back copy); three dollars per year—four dollars overseas. Special rates available for copies in quantity.

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RETURN TO QUALITY

Doris Gassen

Where is the woodcarver quality
They knew in yesteryear...
when quilting was exquisite
and hand-sewn toys most dear?
Decorations, hand-made
graced every Christmas tree,
and Thanksgiving dinner offered
a meal made lovingly.
Perhaps they *are all right*
Who have "returned to the land"
and appreciate more what's given
from HIS OWN HAND.

The greatest temple is that of the soul transformed by the consciousness of the indwelling spirit of God.

—Carl Allison Evans